GIUSEPPE VERDI

Aida

LIBRETTO

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA

AIDA

Opera in Four Acts

Libretto by Antonio Ghislanzoni
from the French prose of Camille Du Locle,
plot by Mariette Bey

English Translation and Notes
by David Stivender

Music by
GIUSEPPE VERDI

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AIDA

CHARACTERS

Aida, *Ethiopian princess enslaved in Egypt* ..... Soprano

Amneris, *Egyptian princess* ..... Mezzo-Soprano

High Priestess ..... Soprano

Radames, *Egyptian army captain* ..... Tenor

Messenger ..... Tenor

Amonasro, *Ethiopian king, Aida's father* ..... Baritone

Ramfis, *high priest of Isis* ..... Bass

King of Egypt, *Ammeris' father* ..... Bass

Priests, priestesses, dancers, slaves, guards, soldiers, Egyptian populace, Ethiopian prisoners of war

AIDA

SYNOPSIS

ACT I. In the royal palace at Memphis, Radames, a young captain of the guard, learns from the high priest, Ramfis, that Ethiopia threatens the Nile valley. Alone, Radames hopes to be chosen army commander, envisioning a glorious victory so he can free his beloved Aida — the Ethiopian slave of Amneris, the King's daughter ("Celeste Aida"). Amneris, who herself loves Radames, appears and questions him; she senses his feelings for Aida, especially as the girl enters. Soon the royal procession arrives to hear a Messenger confirm that the Ethiopian army, led by Amonasro, is marching on Thebes. The King announces Radames' appointment as commander and leads the assemblage in a battle hymn ("Su! del Nilo"). "Return victorious!" cries Amneris, echoed by the people. Alone, Aida repeats these words ("Ritorna vincitor!"), stunned that the man she loves is going to battle her father — for she is in fact a princess of Ethiopia. Torn by conflicting loyalties, she prays for pity.

In the temple of Ptah, a priestess is heard addressing the deity while a ceremonial dance is performed. Ramfis consecrates Radames' sword for the campaign ("Nume, custode e vindice").

ACT II. Radames has defeated the Ethiopians, and on the morning of his triumphal return Amneris is groomed by slaves and diverted from her romantic daydreaming by dancers. At Aida's approach she dismisses her attendants, tricking the girl ("Fu la sorte degli armi") by pretending Radames is dead, then saying he lives. Certain from Aida's reaction that her slave does love Radames, Amneris threatens her and leaves as Aida reiterates her prayer.

At the gate of Thebes, a crowd welcomes the returning army; the defeat of the Ethiopians is celebrated in parade and dance ("Gloria all'Egitto, ad Iside"). Radames is borne in and crowned

as victor by Amneris. The captured Ethiopians follow, among them Aida's father, Amonasro, incognito. He warns her in an aside not to betray his rank, then pleads for his fellow prisoners' lives ("Ma tu, Re, tu signore possente"). Ramfis and the priests demand death for the captives, but Radames intercedes, requiring their freedom as his reward. The King releases all but Amonasro, then presents Radames with Amneris' hand, dashing Aida's dreams of happiness.

ACT III. On a moonlit bank of the Nile, Ramfis leads Amneris into a temple of Isis for a wedding vigil. Aida comes to wait secretly for Radames. Overcome with nostalgia, she laments her conquered homeland ("O patria mia"). Amonasro startles her out of her reverie, still determined to save his people; Aida must trick Radames into revealing where the Egyptian army intends to enter Ethiopia ("Rivedrai le foreste imbalsamate"). He shames and threatens her, finally breaking down her resistance by describing an Ethiopia ravaged by Egyptian invaders. Amonasro hides as Radames appears, promising to make Aida his bride after his next victory. She suggests they run away together ("Fuggiam gli ardori inospiti"), asking what route his army will take. No sooner has he answered than Amonasro steps out, divulging his identity as King of Ethiopia. Leaving the temple, Amneris finds the three and denounces Radames as a traitor. Amonasro lunges at her with a dagger, but Radames shields her and surrenders himself to Ramfis as Aida and her father escape.

ACT IV. When Radames is led into the temple of judgment, Amneris offers to save him if he will renounce Aida ("Già i sacerdoti adunansi"). This he says he will never do. Enraged, Amneris sends him to his doom, listening in despair as the priests three times demand that he defend himself, only to be met with silence. Amneris' pride falls away, her love for Radames revealed by her agony in hearing him condemned by the priests, whom she curses.

Radames, buried alive in a crypt beneath the temple, turns his last thoughts to Aida, who emerges from the shadows, having

entered the vault earlier to share his fate. Radames tries vainly to dislodge the stone that locks them in. Bidding farewell to earth ("O terra addio"), the lovers greet eternity as the penitent Amneris prays above them for peace.

Courtesy of *Opera News*

A NOTE ON *AIDA*

It has often been remarked by writers dealing with nineteenth-century European opera how strong was the lure for composers to write for the Opéra at Paris. Not only were the musical standards supposed to be the highest obtainable, the forces that created and performed the works the most estimable, the fame that could be gained the most lasting, but the financial rewards for the composition and performance of an opera were considered the largest a European house had to offer. Verdi had worked for the Opéra on several occasions prior to *Don Carlos* in 1867 — *Jérusalem* (a reworking of *I Lombardi*) in 1847 and *Les Vêpres siciliennes* in 1855 — but it is no wonder that he tended to think of his five-act opera on Schiller's text as something of a culmination of his career in the theater. Having dealt with the forces of the Opéra over a period of some twenty years he was not over-eager to consider composing a fourth work for that institution. Nevertheless, shortly after the premiere of *Don Carlos* he found himself being requested by Camille DuLocle, one of the librettists of *Don Carlos,* to write another work for Paris. In a famous letter to DuLocle (from Genoa dated 8 December 1869) he outlined his reasons for not wishing to work there again. It is a precious document, one from which we can glean some idea of how Verdi was determined to work from this point on and to what standard: *"Hélas!* it is not the toil of writing an opera, nor the judgement of the Parisian public that holds me back, but rather the certainty of not being able to have my music performed in Paris the way I want it." He then goes on to say why this is so: there are too many self-ordained savants

in the French opera houses, "every one wants to judge according to his own lights and tastes, and what is worse, according to a *system,* without taking into account the character and individuality of the composer;" Verdi believes in *inspiration,* the French "in *construction;* I admit your right to criticize, but I want *enthusiasm* which you lack in hearing and judging;" and, he goes on, "I want *Art* in whatever manifestation of it, not *amusement, artifice* and *system* which you prefer." This last remark about system is very revealing. He felt each artist had the right, indeed, the obligation, to write according to his own lights and not cut his cloth to others' tastes, especially those of the Opéra. He is very clear about this: "Each one wants to give an opinion, wants to utter a doubt, and a composer living for a long time in that atmosphere of doubts cannot at least, in the long run, be slightly shaken in his convictions and end up in correcting, in adjusting, or even better, in spoiling his work." In short, he will have none of it.

All this serves to explain why Verdi was reluctant to take on a new work for any theater, let alone the Paris Opéra with all its supposed ability and rewards. It also, even more importantly, gives us an idea of the criteria with which he composed his next opera, *Aida.* As he cultivated the image of gentleman farmer on his estate at Sant'Agata after the premiere of *Don Carlos,* he consistently turned down various ideas proferred by any number of individuals — but nevertheless considered them all very carefully. Thus when DuLocle in November of 1869 asked him to provide a hymn for the opening of the new Cairo Opera House, he refused with the comment that he did not compose *morceaux de circonstance.* Though the actual documents are no longer available, it seems that it was not until DuLocle visited Sant'Agata at the beginning of 1870 that the *Aida* project was presented to Verdi. The Viceroy of Egypt, Ismail Pasha, wanted a new opera from the famous Italian composer's pen and the French Egyptologist Mariette Bey, who was in the Viceroy's service, had come up with a scenario that all concerned hoped would lure Verdi back into the theater. But still the composer balked and found any number of reasons for not undertaking a new work. It was not until the beginning of June of the

same year that he finally accepted the idea of *Aida* and laid out his conditions for its composition. Needless to say, they were accepted.

A curious fact about Verdi scholarship is how every year or so a new nugget of information, a new page of music, a new revelation seems to crop up. The discovery of the *Don Carlos* pages lying in the Paris Bibliotèque was only the most dramatic manifestation of this state of affairs. Even *Aida*, a work whose origins and composition seemed unproblematic for years, has recently been subject to a new disclosure. Compared to the *Don Carlos* finds it is indeed minor, but still worth noting. It seems that in Albert Vandam's memoirs, *An Englishman in Paris* (1892), there is the remarkable statement that before Verdi was approached to compose an opera on Mariette's *Aida* scenario, "M. DuLocle had . . . been authorized to find a French composer, but it is very certain that Mariette-Bey had in his mind's eye the composer of *Le Désert*." This would be Félicien David (1810-1876) whose musical evocation of an Eastern desert had won him instantaneous fame in 1844. It would have been natural for Mariette to think of David first for an Egyptian opera. But this is the only mention of David in any of the *Aida* literature and a great deal more scholarly investigation will have to be undertaken before the problem is solved. It is indicative, however, of the regularity with which new information on Verdi seems to appear.

Though there were complications and deferrals of the premiere, the work was finally presented at the Cairo Opera House on 24 December 1871; its Italian premiere (supervised by the composer on this occasion — he did not travel to Cairo) took place on 8 February 1872 at La Scala. It must be emphasized that the opera was *not* commissioned for or performed at the opening of the Suez Canal (which happened in the early months of 1870) nor did it open the new Cairo Opera House (that occurred on 1 November 1869, with a performance of *Rigoletto*).

A curious feature of the Verdi canon is the appearance of what appears to be a simple, more old-fashioned opera that follows one or two with panoramic or "theatrical" plots and somewhat "ex-

perimental" or "modern" music (to use terms of Verdi's critical contemporaries). Thus *Il trovatore,* a work that seems to sum up all that is best in his early "galley slave" operas, came after the forward looking *Rigoletto; Un ballo in maschera* after *Simon Boccanegra;* and *Aida* after *La forza del destino* and *Don Carlos.* It is as if Verdi wanted to retrench, to make sure that the inspiration and enthusiasm he spoke of in the DuLocle letter were securely allied to and tempered by the *Art* that he was so insistent on. *Aida* has seemed to some commentators to be *too* perfect: with the exception of Amneris and possibly Amonasro, the characters seem to have a two-dimensional quality as opposed to the figures drawn in the round in, say, *Forza* or *Carlos.* This could easily be because the music of Aida is certainly the most "classical" that Verdi had written up to that point. The opera is predominantly composed in four-four time, it is true (*Celeste Aida* and *O patria mia,* both in six-eight, leap to mind as exceptions — there are a few others); but this squareness gives an almost architectural feel of the massively round Egyptian columns that are such a feature of any traditional staging of the opera. Verdi's uncanny feel for color allowed him to invent an "Egyptian sound" that has nothing to do with ancient Egyptian music (who would know what that sounded like in any case?), but is nonetheless convincing. The orchestration is a miracle of both sonority and delicacy: it is not for nothing that Richard Strauss loved conducting *Lohengrin, Carmen* and *Aida* primarily for the pleasure of observing their orchestration at the closest proximity. The libretto itself, prepared by Antonio Ghislanzoni under Verdi's direct supervision, is also clear and straightforward in its presentation of the plot. Verdi's *parola scenica,* i.e., the "scenic word" that leaps out in a sentence, captures the listener's attention and allows him to take in the situation instantly, is in abundance. A very obvious example is Amneris' *Ritorna vincitor* in I/1: she calls it out without any accompaniment, all on stage repeat it is unison, and then Aida, left alone after the general exit, sings it a third time, now bitterly. Could any situation be simpler and clearer? Could any situation be more musically and dramatically exciting?

There are innumerable felicities in the Italian versification (some of it written by Verdi himself), and the strategic repetition and recurrence of a word or its cognates throughout a scene can make a strong impression on the listener without him even realizing it. Consider IV/1: *Scolparti ancor t'è dato* ("It is still given you to exculpate yourself"); *Di mie discolpe* ("Of my exculpations"); *Salvati dunque e scolpati* ("Then save and exculpate yourself"): these three uses occur in only fourteen lines of verse; and their repetition here gives all the more dramatic force to the thrice-three demand of the priests when it is heard a short time later: *Discolpati!* ("Exculpate yourself!"). It is fortunate for the English speaking listener that both the Italian and the English have the same Latin root (*culpatus,* the past participle of *culpare,* to blame; plus *ex* out) but that only makes the situation all the easier to follow for one who understands English and not Italian.

Indeed, the situations are so clear that it has often been a cause for wonder that Verdi agreed to set Mariette's scenario at this point in his career. Did he not say in an 1853 letter (he was completing *Il trovatore* at the time) that he wanted "subjects that are *new, great, beautiful, varied, bold . . .*"? A clue to the answer may be found in another letter to DuLocle (26 May 1870) when after reading the *Aida* outline he wrote "there are two or three situations which, if not very new, are certainly very beautiful." So it seems that though he would prefer striking, *new* situations, if the ones he was offered did not possess either of those qualities to any great degree, yet if they were beautiful they still had appeal for him. And it is easy to imagine him reading through Mariette's scenario (which fairly closely resembled the finished product) realizing that the situations were both clear and beautiful and sensing the musical possibilities inherent in them.

But it is, of course, the music itself, the score, that has assured *Aida* not only its immense popularity but also the enormous esteem in which it is held by all intelligent musicians. It has already been pointed out that it is Verdi's most classic score — of the operas preceding it, only *Ballo* could perhaps have a claim to equal it in this capacity. The melodies of *Aida* fall easily on the ear, yet on

examination prove to be far from the formulaic kind of melody (however tinged with genius) that is met with in the "galley slave" operas. Aida's lament in the trio in I/1 (*Ah! No, sulla mia patria)* begins with the usual groups of eight-bar phases, but of the last two, the first has twelve and the second eleven bars. The famous opening hymn of the Triumphal Scene *(Gloria all'Egitto)* is made up of ten bars. But this is not all that uncommon: a composer of genius will always bend the verse and the bar line to his own particular needs. (To paraphrase John Cheever: "The essence of music is always the singularity of the composer." How this reflects Verdi's complaining, quoted earlier, that the French did not take "into account the character and individuality of the composer.")

Aida is also, of course, a great opera for singers — as it is also an opera that needs great singing, and it has long been a staple at the Metropolitan as it has in every opera house in the world. Its U.S. premiere did not take place at the Metropolitan, however, but at the N.Y. Academy of Music, 26 November 1873. Its first performance at the 39th street theater, in German, occurred thirteen years later, on 12 November 1886. Since that time there is scarcely a famous Aida, Amneris, Radames, Amonasro and Ramfis — or conductor — that has not appeared with the company in the opera.

David Stivender

AIDA

ATTO I

Scena I

Sala nel palazzo del Re a Menfi. A destra e sinistra una colonnata con statue e arbusti in fiori. Grande porta nel fondo, da cui appariscono i tempii ed i palazzi di Menfi e le Piramidi.

RAMFIS

Si: corre voce che l'Etiope ardisca
sfidarci ancora, e del Nilo la valle
e Tebe minacciar.
Fra breve un messo recherà il ver.

RADAMÈS

La sacra Iside consultasti?

RAMFIS

Ella ha nomato
dell' Egizie falangi
il condottier supremo.

RADAMÈS

Oh, lui felice!

RAMFIS

(con intenzione, fissando Radamès)

Giovane e prode è desso.
Ora, del Nume
reco i decreti al Re. *(Esce.)*

RADAMÈS *(solo)*

Se quel guerrier io fossi!
Se il mio sogno si avverasse!
Un esercito di prodi
da me guidato . . . e la vittoria
e il plauso di Menfi tutta!
E a te, mia dolce Aida,
tornar di lauri cinto . . .
dirti: per te ho pugnato,
per te ho vinto!

AIDA

ACT I

Scene I

A room in the king's palace at Memphis. To the right and left a row of columns with statues and flowering shrubs. A large door at the back, through which can be seen the temples and palaces of Memphis and the pyramids.

RAMFIS

Yes: it is said that Ethiopia dares
to challenge us again, and menaces
the Nile valley and Thebes.
A messenger will bring the truth soon.

RADAMES

Did you consult sacred Isis?

RAMFIS

She has named
the supreme commander
of the Egyptian forces.

RADAMES

Oh, happy man!

RAMFIS

(with meaning, looking fixedly at Radames)

He is young and brave.
At this moment I am bringing
the god's decrees to the King. *(Exit)*

RADAMES *(alone)*

If I were that warrior!
If my dream were to come true!
An army of brave men
led by me . . . and then victory
and the praise of all Memphis!
And to return to you, my sweet Aida,
girded with laurels . . .
to say to you: for you I fought,
for you I won!

Celeste Aida, forma divina,
mistico serto di luce e fior,
del mio pensiero tu sei regina,
tu di mia vita sei lo splendor.
Il tuo bel cielo vorrei ridarti,
le dolci brezze del patrio suol;
un regal serto sul crin posarti,
ergerti un trono vicino al sol. Ah!
Celeste Aida, *ecc.*

(sulle ultime battute entra in scena Amneris)

AMNERIS

Quale insolita gioia
nel tuo sguardo!
Di quale nobil fierezza
ti balena il volto!
Degna d'invidia, oh!
quanto saria la donna
il cui bramato aspetto
tanta luce di gaudio
in te destasse!

RADAMÈS

D'un sogno avventuroso
si beava il mio core.
Oggi la Diva profferse il nome
del guerrier che al campo
le schiere egizie condurrà . . .
Ah! . . . s'io fossi
a tal onor prescelto . . .

AMNERIS

Nè un alto sogno mai,
più gentil . . . più soave . . .
al core ti parlò?
Non hai tu in Menfi
desiderii . . . speranze? . . .

RADAMÈS

Io! . . . (quale inchiesta!
Forse . . . L' arcano amore
scoprì che m' arde in core . . .
Della sua schiava il nome
mi lesse nel pensier!)

Celestial Aida, divine form,
mystic crown of light and flowers,
you are the queen of my thoughts,
you are the splendor of my life.
I would like to give you back your beautiful sky,
the sweet breezes of your country;
place a royal crown on your tresses
erect a throne for you near the sun. Ah!
Celestial Aida, *etc.*

(Amneris enters on the last bars)

AMNERIS

What unusual joy
in your glance!
With what noble pride
does your face shine!
Oh! how worthy of envy
would be the woman
whose desired appearance
were to wake such a light
of joy in you!

RADAMES

My heart was enraptured
with an adventurous dream.
Today the Goddess uttered the name
of the warrior who will lead
the Egyptian troops to the battlefield . . .
Ah! . . . if I were
chosen for such an honor . . .

AMNERIS

Does not another dream,
gentler . . . sweeter . . .
speak to your heart?
In Memphis do you not have
desires . . . hopes? . . .

RADAMES

I? . . .(what probing!
Perhaps . . . she discovered
the secret love that burns in my heart . . .
She read the name of her slave
in my thoughts!)

AMNERIS

(Oh guai! se un altro amore
ardesse a lui nel core!
Guai se il mio sguardo
penetrà questo fatal mister!)

(Entra in scena Aida)

RADAMÈS

(vedendo Aida)

Dessa!

AMNERIS

(Ei si turba . . . e quale sguardo
rivolse al lei! Aida . . . a me rivale
forse saria costei?)

(volgendosi ad Aida)

Vieni, o diletta, appressati . . .
schiava non sei nè ancella
qui dove in dolce fascino
io ti chiamai sorella . . .
Piangi? . . . delle tue lacrime
svela il segreto a me!

AIDA

Ohimè! di guerra fremere
l'atroce grido io sento . . .
Per l'infelice patria,
per me, per voi pavento.

AMERNIS

Favelli il ver? Nè s'agita
più grave cura in te?
(Trema, oh rea schiava! Ah, trema!
Rea schiava, trema, ch' io nel tuo cor
discenda!
Trema, che il ver m'apprenda
quel pianto e quel rossor!)

RADAMÈS

(Nel volto a lei balena
lo sdegno ed il sospetto.
Guai se l'arcano affetto
a noi leggesse in core!)

AMNERIS

(Ah, woe! if another love
were to burn in his heart!
Woe if my glance
might penetrate this deadly mystery!)

(Aida enters.)

RADAMES

(seeing Aida)

She!

AMNERIS

(He is disturbed . . . and what a glance
he turned on her! Aida . . . could she
perhaps be my rival?)

(turning to Aida)

Come, beloved girl, approach . . .
you are neither slave nor handmaiden
here where sweetly charmed
I called you sister . . .
You are weeping? . . . reveal the secret
of your tears to me!

AIDA

Alas! I hear the atrocious scream
of war howl . . .
I fear for my unhappy country,
for me, for you.

AMNERIS

Are you telling the truth? Does not
a heavier care stir you?
(Tremble, oh guilty slave! Ah, tremble!
Guilty slave, tremble, lest I
plumb your heart!
Tremble lest such weeping and blushing
reveal the truth to me!)

RADAMES

(In her face wrath and suspicion
are flashing.
Woe if she were to read
the secret love in our hearts!)

AIDA

(Ah, no! Sulla mia patria
non geme il cor soltanto.
Quello ch' io verso è pianto
di sventurato amor!)

(Il Re, preceduto dalle sue guardie e seguito da Ramfis, dai Ministri, Sacerdoti, Capitani, ecc. Un uffiziale di Palazzo, indi un Messaggero.)

IL RE

Alta cagion v'aduna, o fidi Egizii,
al vostro Re d'intorno.
Dai confin d' Etiopia
un messaggero dianzi giungea.
Gravi novelle ei reca . . .
Vi piaccia udirlo.

(ad un Uffiziale)

Il Messagger s' avanzi!

IL MESSAGGERO

Il sacro suolo dell' Egitto
è invaso dai barbari Etiopi . . .
i nostri campi fur devastati . . .
arse le messi . . .
e baldi della facil vittoria
i predatori già marciano su Tebe . . .

TUTTI

Ed osan tanto!

IL MESSAGGERO

Un guerriero indomabile, feroce,
li conduce: Amonasro.

TUTTI

Il Re!

AIDA

(Mio padre!)

IL MESSAGGERO

Già Tebe è in armi e dalle
cento porte sul barbaro invasore
prorompera,
guerra recando e morte.

AIDA

(Ah, no! My heart does not sigh
only for my country.
What I shed are tears
of unfortunate love!)

(The King, preceded by his guards and followed by Ramfis, Ministers, Priests, Captains, etc. A palace official, later a Messenger.)

THE KING

A serious reason, oh faithful Egyptians,
gathers you around your King.
A short while ago a messenger
arrived from the Ethiopian borders.
He is bringing serious news . . .
May it please you to hear him.

(to an official)

Let the messenger approach!

THE MESSENGER

The sacred land of Egypt
has been invaded by barbarous Ethiopians . . .
our fields were devastated . . .
the harvests burned . . .
and made bold by the easy victory
the plunderers are already marching on Thebes . . .

ALL

They dare so much!

THE MESSENGER

An indomitable, fierce warrior
leads them: Amonasro.

ALL

The King!

AIDA

(My father!)

THE MESSENGER

Thebes is already in arms and will burst
from the hundred gates over the
barbarous invader,
bringing war and death.

IL RE

Sì: guerra e morte
il nostro grido sia!

TUTTI

Guerra! Guerra!
Tremenda, inesorata!

IL RE

(accostandosi a Radamès)

Iside venerata
di nostre schiere invitte
già designava il condottier supremo:
Radamès!

TUTTI

Radamès!

RADAMÈS

Ah, sien grazie ai Numi!
Son paghi i voti miei!

AMNERIS

(Ei duce!)

AIDA

(Io tremo.)

IL RE

Or, di Vulcano al tempio
muovi, oh guerrier; le sacre armi
ti cingi e alla vittoria vola.

Su! del Nilo al sacro lido
accorrete, Egizii eroi;
da ogni cor prorompa il grido:
Guerra e morte, morte allo stranier!

RAMFIS, SACERDOTI

Gloria ai Numi! Ognun rammenti
ch'essi reggono gli eventi,
che in poter de' Numi solo
stan le sorti del guerrier.

MINISTRI, CAPITANI

Su! del Nilo al sacro lido
sien barriera i nostri petti;
non echeggi che un sol grido:
Guerra e morte allo stranier.

THE KING

Yes: let war and death
be our cry!

ALL

War! War!
Tremendous, inexorable!

THE KING

(approaching Radames)

The venerated Isis
already named the supreme commander
of our unvanquished troops:
Radames!

ALL

Radames!

RADAMES

Ah, let there be thanks to the gods!
My wishes are satisfied!

AMNERIS

(He the leader!)

AIDA

(I tremble.)

THE KING

Now go to the temple
of Vulcan, oh warrior; gird yourself
with the sacred armour and fly to victory.

Up! run to the sacred shore
of the Nile, Egyptian heroes;
let the shout burst from every heart:
War and death, death to the foreigner!

RAMFIS, PRIESTS

Glory to the gods! Let all remember
that they rule events,
that only in the power of the gods
are the chances of the warrior.

MINISTERS, CAPTAINS

Up! let our breasts be a barrier
to the sacred shore of the Nile;
let only one shout echo:
War and death to the foreigner!

RADAMÈS

Sacro fremito di gloria
tutta l'anima m'investe.
Su, corriamo alla vittoria!
Guerra e morte allo stranier!

AMNERIS

(Consegnando una bandiera a Radamès)

Di mia man ricevi, oh duce,
il vessillo glorioso;
ti sia guida, ti sia luce
della gloria sul sentier.

AIDA

(Per chi piango? Per chi prego?
Qual poter m'avvince a lui!
Deggio amarlo, ed è costui
un nemico, uno stranier!)

TUTTI

Guerra! Sterminio all'invasor!
Ritorna vincitor! Ritorna vincitor!

(Escono tutti meno Aida)

AIDA

Ritorna vincitor! . . . E dal mio labbro
uscì l'empia parola!
Vincitor del padre mio,
di lui che impugna l'armi per me,
per ridonarmi una patria, una reggia,
e il nome illustre
che qui celar m'è forza!
Vincitor de' miei fratelli . . .
ond'io lo vegga, tinto del sangue amato,
trionfar nel plauso dell'Egizie coorti!
E dietro il carro, un Re . . .
mio padre . . . di catene avvinto! . . .
L'insana parola, oh Numi sperdete!
Al seno d'un padre la figlia rendete,
struggete le squadre
dei nostri oppressor! Ah!
Sventurata . . . che dissi?
. . . e l' amor mio? . . .
Dunque scordar poss'io
questo fervido amore
che, oppressa e schiava,
come raggio di sol qui me beava?

RADAMES

A sacred throb of glory
fills all my soul.
Up, let us run to victory!
War and death to the foreigner!

AMNERIS

(entrusting a flag to Radames)

Receive from my hand, oh leader,
the glorious flag;
may it be a guide, a light
of glory on your path.

AIDA

(Who do I weep for? Who do I pray for?
What power binds me to him?
I must love him, and he is
an enemy, a foreigner!)

ALL

War! Extermination to the invader!
Return the victor! Return the victor!

(All leave except Aida.)

AIDA

Return the victor! . . . And the wicked word
came from my lips!
Victor over my father,
over him who is taking up arms for me,
to return a homeland to me, a royal palace,
and the illustrious name
which it is necessary for me to conceal here!
Victor over my brothers . . .
because of which I will see him, stained with the beloved blood,
triumph in the praise of the Egyptian cohorts!
And behind the cart, a King . . .
my father . . . bound with chains! . . .
Oh gods, forget the insane word!
Return the daughter to a father's breast,
destroy the squadrons
of our oppressors! Ah!
Unfortunate girl . . . what did I say?
. . . and my love? . . .
Must I thus forget
this fervant love
which, like a ray of the sun,
here enraptured me, oppressed and enslaved?

Imprecherò la morte a Radamès,
a lui ch'amo pur tanto!
Ah! non fu in terra mai
da più crudeli angoscie
un core affranto!
I sacri nomi di padre, d'amante
nè profferir poss'io nè ricordar.
Per l'un per l'altro,
confusa, tremante,
io piangere vorrei, vorrei pregar.
Ma la mia prece in bestemmia si
muta . . .
delitto è il pianto a me,
colpa il sospir . . .
in notte cupa la mente è perduta,
e nell' ansia crudel vorrei morir.

Numi, pietà del mio soffrir,
Speme non v'ha pel mio dolor.
Amor fatal, tremendo amor,
spezzami il cor, fammi morir!

Scena II

Interno del Tempio di Vulcano a Menfi. Una luce misteriosa scende dall'alto. Una lunga fila di colonne, l'una all'altra addossate, si perde fra le tenebre. Statue di varie divinità. Nel mezzo della scena, sovra un palco coperto da tappeti, sorge l'altare sormontato da emblemi sacri. Dai tripodi d'oro si innalza il fumo degli incensi. Ramfis ai piedi dell' altare.

GRAN SACERDOTESSA

(dell'interno)

Possente, possente Fthà,
del mondo spirito animator,
noi t'invochiamo!
Immenso, immenso Fthà,
del mondo spirto fecondator,
noi t'invochiamo!
Fuoco increato, eterno,
onde ebbe luce il sol,
noi t'invochiamo!

Shall I wish death for Radames,
for him that I love so much!
Ah! never was there on earth
a heart broken down
by crueler anxieties!
The sacred names of father, of lover,
I can neither utter nor remember.
Confused, trembling,
I would like to weep, to pray
for both one and the other.
But my prayer changes into blasphemy . . .
weeping is a crime for me,
sighing a fault . . .
My mind is lost in gloomy night
and I would like to die of cruel anguish.

Gods, pity my suffering,
there is no hope for my sorrow.
Fatal love, tremendous love,
break my heart, cause me to die.

Scene II

Interior of the Temple of Vulcan at Memphis. A mysterious light descends from the height. A long row of columns, each close to the next, is lost in the shadows. Statues of various divinities. In the center of the scene on a platform covered with carpets, rises the altar surmounted with sacred emblems. From golden tripods rises the smoke of incense. Ramfis at the foot of the altar.

HIGH PRIESTESS

(from within)

Powerful, powerful Ptah,
moving spirit of the world,
we invoke you!
Immense, immense Ptah,
fecundating spirit of the world,
we invoke you!
Creating, eternal fire,
whence the sun had light,
we invoke you!

SACERDOTI

Tu che dal nulla hai tratto
l'onde, la terra, il ciel,
noi t'invochiamo!
Nume che del tuo spirito
sei figlio e genitor,
noi t'invochiamo!
Vita dell'Universo,
mito d'eterno amor,
noi t'invochiamo!

(Radamès viene introdotto senz'armi. Mentre va all'altare, le Sacerdotesse eseguiscono la danza sacra. Sul capo di Radamès viene steso un velo d'argento.)

RAMFIS

Mortal, diletto ai Numi,
a te fidate son d'Egitto le sorti.
Il sacro brando dal Dio temprato
per tua man diventi ai nemici
terror, folgore, morte!

(volgendosi al Nume)

Nume, custode e vindice
di questa sacra terra,
la mano tua distendi
sovra l'Egizio suol.

RADAMÈS

Nume, che duce ed arbitro
sei d'ogni umana guerra,
proteggi tu, difendi
d'Egitto il sacro suol!

(Mentre Radamès viene investito delle armi sacre, le Sacerdotesse ed i Sacerdoti riprendono l'inno religioso e la danza sacrale.)

PRIESTS

You, who from nothing have drawn
the waves, the earth, the sky,
we invoke you!
God who from your spirit
are son and father,
we invoke you!
Life of the Universe
myth of eternal love,
we invoke you!

(Radames is brought in without weapons. As he goes to the altar, Priestesses execute the sacred dance. Over Radames' head a silver veil is spread.)

RAMFIS

Mortal, delight of the gods,
to you are entrusted Egypt's chances.
May the sacred sword, tempered by the god,
become in your hand terror,
thunder, death to the enemy!

(turning to the god)

God, custodian and avenger
of this sacred land,
may you stretch your hand
over the Egyptian land.

RADAMES

God, you who are leader and judge
of every human war,
may you protect, defend
the sacred land of Egypt!

(As Radames is invested with the sacred weapons, the Priestesses and Priests take up again the religious hymn and the sacred dance.)

ATTO II

Scena I

Una sala nell'appartamento d'Amneris.

Amneris, circondata dalle Schiave che l'abbigliano per la festa trionfale. Dai tripodi si eleva il profumo degli aromi. Giovani schiavi mori agitano i ventagli di piume.

SCHIAVE

Chi mai fra gl'inni e i plausi
erge alla gloria il vol,
al par d'un Dio terribile,
fulgente al par del sol?
Vieni: sul crin ti piovano
contesti ai lauri i fior;
suonin di gloria i cantici
coi cantici d'amor!

AMNERIS

(Ah, vieni, amor mio, m'inebria,
fammi beato il cor.)

SCHIAVE

Or dove son le barbare
orde dello stranier?
Siccome nebbia sparvero
al soffio del guerrier.
Vieni: di gloria il premio
raccogli, oh vincitor!
T'arrise la vittoria,
t'arriderà l'amor.

AMNERIS

(Ah, vieni, amor mio, ravvivami
d'un caro accento ancor!)
Silenzio! Aida verso noi s'avanza . . .
Figlia dei vinti, il suo dolor m'è sacro.

(ad un cenno d'Amneris le schiave s'allontanano. Entra Aida portando la corona).

Nel rivederla, il dubbio
atroce in me si desta . . .
Il mistero fatal si squarci alfine!

(ad Aida con simulata amorevolezza)

ACT II

Scene I

A room in Amneris' Apartments

Amneris, surrounded by slaves who are dressing her for the triumphal celebration. From tripods there arises the odor of perfumes. Young Moorish slaves wave feather fans.

SLAVES

Who, among hymns and praise,
rises in flight to glory
equal to an awesome god,
resplendent as the sun?
Come: let laurels intertwined with flowers
rain down on your brow,
let canticles of glory sound
with canticles of love!

AMNERIS

(Ah, come, my love, intoxicate me,
enrapture my heart.)

SLAVES

Now where are the barbarous
hordes of the foreigner?
As snow they melted
at the warrior's breath.
Come: accept the reward
of glory, oh victor!
Victory smiled on you,
love will smile on you.

AMNERIS

(Ah, come, my love, quicken me
with one more dear word!)
Silence! Aida is coming toward us . . .
Daughter of the conquered, her sorrow is sacred to me.

(At a sign from Amneris the slaves go off. Aida enters carrying the crown.)

In seeing her again, the atrocious
doubt awakens in me . . .
Let the fatal mystery be solved at last!

(to Aida with feigned kindliness)

Fu la sorte dell' armi
a' tuoi funesta, povera Aida!
Il lutto che ti pesa
sul cor teco divido.
Io son l'amica tua . . .
tutto da me tu avrai . . .
vivrai felice!

AIDA

Felice esser poss'io
lungi dal suol natio, qui dove
ignota m'è la sorte
del padre e dei fratelli?

AMNERIS

Ben ti compiango!
Pure hanno un confine
i mali di quaggiù . . .
Sanerà il tempo
le angoscie del tuo core,
e più che il tempo,
un Dio possente: amore.

AIDA

(Amore, amore! Gaudio, tormento,
soave ebrezza, ansia crudel!
Ne' tuoi dolori la vita io sento,
un tuo sorriso mi schiude il ciel.)

AMNERIS

(Ah, quel pallore, quel turbamento
svelan l'arcana febbre d'amor . . .
D'interrogarla quasi ho sgomento,
divido l'ansie del suo terror.)

(ad Aida, osservandola attentamente)

Ebben: qual nuovo fremito
t'assal, gentil Aida?
I tuoi segreti svelami,
all'amor mio t'affida!
Tra i forti che pugnarono
della tua patria a danno . . .
qualcuno . . . un dolce affanno . . .
forse a te in cor destò?

The luck of arms
was deadly to your people, poor Aida!
The bereavement that weighs
on your heart I share with you.
I am your friend . . .
you shall have everything from me . . .
you shall live happily!

AIDA

Can I be happy
far from my native land, here where
the fate of my father and brothers
is unknown to me?

AMNERIS

Greatly do I pity you!
Yet troubles have an end
down here . . .
Time will heal
the anxieties of your heart;
and, stronger than time,
a powerful god: love.

AIDA

(Love, love! Joy, torment,
sweet intoxication, cruel anxiety!
I feel life in your sorrows,
one of your smiles opens heaven.)

AMNERIS

(Ah, what pallor, what pertubation
reveal her secret fever of love . . .
I am almost afraid to question her,
I share in the anxiety of her terror.)

(to Aida, carefully observing her)

Well then: what new shudder
assails you, gentle Aida?
Reveal your secrets to me,
entrust yourself to my love!
Among the brave men from your country
who fought to their loss . . .
someone . . . perhaps awakened . . .
a sweet sorrow in your heart?

AIDA

Che parli? . . .

AMNERIS

A tutti barbara
non si mostrò la sorte . . .
Se in campo il duce impavido
cadde trafitto a morte . . .

AIDA

Che mai dicesti? Misera!

AMNERIS

Sì . . . Radamès da' tuoi fu spento . . .
E pianger puoi?

AIDA

Per sempre io piangerò.

AMNERIS

Gli Dei t'han vendicata . . .

AIDA

Avversi sempre a me furo i Numi . . .

AMNERIS

Trema! In cor ti lessi . . .
tu l'ami . . . non mentire!
Un detto ancora
e il vero saprò . . .
Fissami in volto . . .
io t'ingannava:
Radamès vive . . .

AIDA

Vive! Ah, grazie, oh Numi!

AMNERIS

E ancor mentir tu speri?
sì, tu l' ami . . .
Ma, l'amo anch' io . . .
intendi tu?
Son tua rivale . . .
figlia de' Faraoni . . .

AIDA

Mia rivale? Ebben, sia pure . . .
Anch' io son tal . . . Ah!
Che dissi mai? Pietà! Perdono! Ah! . . .

AIDA

What are you saying?

AMNERIS

Destiny didn't show itself
so barbarously to everyone . . .
If our fearless leader fell
on the battlefield wounded to the death . . .

AIDA

What did you say? Wretched me!

AMNERIS

Yes . . . Radames was killed by your people . . .
And you are able to weep?

AIDA

I shall weep forever.

AMNERIS

The gods have avenged you . . .

AIDA

The gods were always against me . . .

AMNERIS

Tremble! I read your heart . . .
you love him . . .do not lie!
One more word
and I shall know the truth . . .
Look in my face . . .
I deceived you:
Radames lives . . .

AIDA

Lives! Ah, thanks, oh gods!

AMNERIS

And you still hope to lie?
Yes, you love him . . .
But I love him also . . .
do you understand?
I am your rival . . .
a daughter of the Pharaohs . . .

AIDA

My rival? Well then, so be it . . .
I too am such . . . Ah!
What did I say? Pity! Pardon! Ah! . . .

Pietà ti prenda del mio dolor . . .
È vero, io l'amo d'immenso amor . . .
Tu sei felice, tu sei possente . . .
io vivo solo per questo amor!

AMNERIS

Trema, vil schiava!
Spezza il tuo core . . .
Segnar tua morte
può questo amore . . .
Del tuo destino
arbitra sono,
d'odio e vendetta le furie ho in cor.

AIDA

Tu sei felice, tu sei possente,
io vivo solo per questo amor.
Pietà ti prenda del mio dolor!

AMNERIS

Alla pompa che s' appresta
meco, oh schiava, assisterai;
tu, prostrata nella polvere,
io sul trono accanto al Re.
Vien, mi segui, apprenderai,
se lottar tu puoi con me!

AIDA

Ah, pietà! Che più mi resta?
Un deserto è la mia vita.
Vivi e regna, il tuo furore
io tra breve placherò.
Quest'amore che t'irrita
nella tomba spegnerò. *(Amneris esce.)*
Numi, pietà del mio soffrir!

Scene II

Uno degli ingressi della città di Tebe.

Sul davanti un gruppo di palme. A destra il tempio di Ammone. A sinistra un trono sormontato da un baldacchino di porpora. Nel fondo una porta trionfale. La scena è ingombra di popolo.

Entra il Re, seguito dai Ministri, dai Sacerdoti, Capitani, Flabelliferi, Porta insegne, ecc. Quindi, Amneris con Aida e Schiave. Il Re va a sedere sul trono. Amneris prende posto alla sinistra del Re.

Take pity on my sorrow . . .
It is true, I love him with an immense love . . .
You are happy, you are powerful . . .
I live only for this love!

AMNERIS

Tremble, cowardly slave!
Let your heart break . . .
This love can
mark your death . . .
I am the arbiter
of your destiny,
I have the furies of hate and vengeance in my heart.

AIDA

You are happy, you are powerful,
I live only for this love.
Take pity on my sorrow!

AMNERIS

You will witness with me, oh slave,
the festivities that are approaching;
you, prostrate in the dust,
I on the throne next to the King.
Come, follow me, you will learn
if you can fight with me!

AIDA

Ah, pity! What more is left me?
My life is a desert.
Live and reign, soon
I shall placate your fury.
I shall extinguish this love
that irritates you in the tomb. *(Amneris leaves.)*
Gods, pity my suffering!

Scena II

One of the entrances to the city of Thebes.

In the foreground a group of palms. To the right the temple of Ammon. To the left a throne surmounted by a purple canopy. At the back a triumphal gate. The stage is filled with people.

The King enters, followed by Ministers, by Priests, Captains, fan carriers, standard bearers, etc. Then Amneris with Aida and slaves. The King sits on the throne. Amneris takes her place to the left of the King.

POPOLO

Gloria all' Egitto, ad Iside
che il sacro suol protegge!
Al Re che il Delta regge
inni festosi alziam!
Vieni, oh guerriero vindice,
vieni a gioir con noi!
Sul passo degli eroi
i lauri, i fior versiam!

DONNE

S'intrecci il loto al lauro
sul crin dei vincitori!
Nembo gentil di fiori
stenda sull'armi un vel!
Danziam, fanciulle Egizie,
le mistiche carole,
come d'intorno al sole
danzano gli astri in ciel!

SACERDOTI

Della vittoria agli arbitri
supremi il guardo ergete!
Grazie agli Dei rendete
nel fortunato dì!

(Le truppe Egizie precedute dalle fanfare sfilano dinanzi al Re. Un drappello di danzatrici che recano i tesori dei vinti. Seguono i carri di guerra, le insegne, i vasi sacri, le statue degli Dei. Infine, Radamès sotto un baldacchino portato da dodici Uffiziali. Il Re scende del trono per abbraciare Radamès.)

IL RE

Salvator della patria,
io ti saluto. Vieni,
e mia figlia di sua man
ti porga il serto trionfale.

(Radamès inchina davanti ad Amneris che gli porge la corona.)

IL RE *(a Radamès)*

Ora a me chiedi quanto più brami.
Nulla a te negato sarà in tal dì ...
Lo giuro per la corona mia,
pei sacri Numi.

PEOPLE

Glory to Egypt, to Isis
who protects our sacred land!
To the king who rules the Delta
let us raise festive hymns!
Come, oh conquering warrior,
come to rejoice with us!
On the path of heroes
let us strew laurels, flowers!

WOMEN

Entwine the lotus with the laurel
on the brow of the victors!
Let us spread a veil, a gentle cloud
of flowers over their armour!
Let us dance, Egyptian maidens,
the mystic steps,
as the stars dance in heaven
around the sun!

PRIESTS

Lift your glance
to the supreme arbiter of victory!
Give thanks to the gods
on this fortunate day!

(Preceded by fanfares, the Egyptian troops march past the king. A group of dancing girls who bring in the treasures of the conquered. There follow the war carts, the standards, the sacred vessels, the statues of the gods. Lastly Radames under a canopy borne by twelve officers. The King descends from the throne to embrace Radames.)

THE KING

Savior of the country
I greet you. Come,
and let my daughter with her own hand
bring you the triumphal crown.

(Radames kneels before Amneris who gives him the crown.)

THE KING *(to Radames)*

Ask me now whatever you desire.
Nothing will be denied you on such a day . . .
I swear it by my crown,
by the sacred gods.

RADAMÈS

Concedi in pria che innanzi a te
sien tratti i prigionier!

(Entrano fra le guardie i prigionieri Etiopi, ultimo Amonasro, vestito da uffiziale Etiope.)

AIDA

Che veggo! . . . Egli? Mio padre!

TUTTI

Suo padre!

AMNERIS

In poter nostro! . . .

AIDA

(abbracciando il padre)

Tu! . . . prigionier!

AMONASRO

(piano ad Aida)

Non mi tradir!

IL RE *(ad Amonasro)*

T' appressa . . . Dunque tu sei . . .?

AMONASRO

Suo padre! Anch' io pugnai . . .
vinti noi fummo . . .
morte invan cereai.

(accennando alla divisa che lo veste)

Quest' assisa ch'io vesto vi dica
che il mio Re, la mia patria ho difeso;
Fu la sorte a nostr'armi nemica . . .
tornò vano de' forti l'ardir.
Al mio piè, nella polve disteso
giacque il Re, da più colpi trafitto;
se l amor della patria è delitto
siam rei tutti, siam pronti a morir!

(volgendosi al Re con accento supplichevole)

Ma tu, Re, tu, signore possente,
a costoro ti volgi clemente!
Oggi noi siam percossi dal fato, Ah!
Doman voi potria il fato colpir.

RADAMES

First grant that the prisoners
be brought before you!

(Enter, guarded, the Ethiopian prisoners, the last one Amonasro, dressed as an Ethiopian officer.)

AIDA

What do I see? . . . He? My father?

ALL

Her father!

AMNERIS

In our power! . . .

AIDA

(embracing her father)

You . . . prisoner!

AMONASRO

(softly to Aida)

Do not betray me!

THE KING *(to Amonasro)*

Approach . . . Then you are . . .?

AMONASRO

Her father! I also fought . . .
we were conquered . . .
in vain I sought death.

(indicating the uniform he is wearing)

Let this uniform I am wearing tell you
that I defended my King, my country;
Fate was hostile to our arms . . .
the daring of the strong men was rendered useless.
At my feet, stretched out in the dust
lay the King, wounded by numerous blows;
if love of country is a crime,
we are all guilty, we are ready to die!

(turning to the King in an imploring tone)

But you, King, you, powerful lord,
turn indulgently to these people!
Today we are struck by fate, Ah!
Tomorrow fate could strike you.

AIDA, PRIGNIERI, SCHIAVI

Sì: dai Numi percossi noi siamo;
tua pietà, tua clemenza imploriamo;
Ah, giammai di soffrir vi sia dato
ciò che in oggi n'è dato soffrir.

RAMFIS E SACERDOTI

Struggi, oh Re, queste ciurme feroci;
chiudi il cor alle perfide voci!
Fur dai Numi votati alla morte,
or de' Numi si compia il voler!

POPOLO

Sacerdoti, gli sdegni placate
l'umil prece de' vinti ascoltate!
E tu, oh Re, tu possente, tu forte
a clemenza dischiudi il pensier!

RADAMÈS *(fissando Aida)*

(Il dolor che in quel volto favella
al mio sguardo la rende più bella.
Ogni stilla del pianto adorato
nel mio petto ravviva l' amor.)

AMNERIS

(Quali sguardi sovr'essa ha rivolti!
Di qual fiamma balenano i volti!
Ed io sola, avvilita, rejetta?
La vendetta mi rugge nel cor.)

IL RE

Or che fausti ne arridon gli eventi
a costoro mostriamci clementi!
La pietà sale ai Numi gradita
e rafferma de' prenci il poter.

RADAMÈS *(al Re)*

O re, pei sacri Numi,
per lo splendor della tua corona,
compier giurasti il voto mio . . .

IL RE

Giurai.

RADAMÈS

Ebben: a te pei prigionieri Etiopi
vita domando e libertà!

AMNERIS

(Per tutti!)

AIDA, PRISONERS, SLAVES

Yes: we are struck by fate;
we implore your pity, your clemency;
Ah, may it never be given you to suffer
that which today is given us to suffer.

RAMFIS AND PRIESTS

Destroy, oh King, this ferocious mob;
close your heart to these perfidious voices!
They were voted death by the gods,
now let the will of the gods be accomplished!

PEOPLE

Priests, placate your wrath,
listen to the humble prayer of the conquered!
And you, oh King, powerful, strong,
open your mind to clemency!

RADAMES *(looking intently at Aida)*

(The sorrow that speaks in her face
makes her more beautiful to my glance.
Every adored teardrop
revives love in my breast.)

AMNERIS

(What glances has he turned on her!
With what flames do their faces flush!
And I only, humiliated, rejected?
Vengeance roars in my heart.)

THE KING

Now that events are smiling propitiously on us,
let us show ourselves clement to these people.
Pity rises agreeably to the gods
and reaffirms the power of princes.

RADAMES *(to the King)*

Oh King, by the sacred gods,
by the splendor of your crown,
you swore to grant my request . . .

THE KING

I swore.

RADAMES

Well then: I ask of you
life and liberty for the Ethiopian prisoners!

AMNERIS

(For all!)

SACERDOTI

Morte ai nemici della patria!

POPOLO

Grazie per gl'infelici!

RAMFIS

Ascolta, o Re! Tu pure,
giovine eroe,
saggio consiglio ascolta:
Son nemici e prodi sono . . .
la vendetta hanno nel cor.
Fatti audaci dal perdono
correranno all'armi ancor!

RADAMÈS

Spento Amonasro, il re guerrier,
non resta speranza ai vinti.

RAMFIS

Almeno, arra di pace e securtà,
fra noi resti col padre Aida . . .

IL RE

Al tuo consiglio io cedo.
Di securtà, di pace un miglior pegno
or io vo' darvi.
Radamès, la patria tutto a te deve.
D'Amneris la mano premio ti sia.
Sovra l' Eggito un giorno
con essa regnerai.

AMNERIS

(Venga la schiava,
venga a rapirmi l' amor mio, se l'osa!)

IL RE

Gloria all' Egitto, ad Iside
che il sacro suol difende!
S' intrecci il loto al lauro
sul crin del vincitor!

SACERDOTI

Inni leviamo ad Iside,
che il sacro suol difende.
Preghiam che i fati arridano
fausti alla patria ognor!

PRIESTS

Death to the enemies of our country!

PEOPLE

Pardon for the unfortunate ones!

RAMFIS

Listen, oh King! You also,
young hero,
listen to wise counsel:
They are enemies and they are brave . . .
they have vengeance in their hearts.
Made audacious by pardon
They will run back to their weapons!

RADAMES

With Amonasro dead, the warrior king,
there remains no hope for the conquered.

RAMFIS

At least let Aida's father stay among us
as pledge of peace and security.

THE KING

I yield to your counsel.
An even better pledge of security and peace
I now wish to give you.
Radames, the country owes all to you.
Let the hand of Amneris be your reward.
One day you will reign
over Egypt with her.

AMNERIS

(Let the slave come,
let her come to steal my love if she dares!)

THE KING

Glory to Egypt, to Isis
who defends our sacred land!
Entwine the lotus with the laurel
on the victor's brow!

PRIESTS

Let us raise hymns to Isis
who defends the sacred land!
Let us pray that the fates always smile
propitiously on our country!

AIDA

(Qual speme omai più restami?
A lui la gloria, il trono . . .
a me l' obblio, le lacrime
d' un disperato amor!)

PRIGIONIERI

Gloria al clemente Egizio,
che i nostri ceppi ha sciolto,
che ci ridona ai liberi
solchi del patrio suol!

RADAMÈS

(D' avverso Nume il folgore
sul capo mio discende.
Ah, no! D' Egitto il soglio
non val d'Aida il cor.)

AMNERIS

(Dall' inatteso giubilo
inebbriata io sono.
Tutti in un dì si compiono
i sogni del mio cor.)

AMONASRO *(ad Aida)*

Fa cor: della tua patria
i lieti eventi aspetta;
per noi della vendetta
già prossimo è l' albor.

IL POPOLO

Gloria all' Egitto, ad Iside
che il sacro suol difende!
S'intrecci il loto al lauro
sul crin del vincitor!

AIDA

(What hope now remains to me?
Glory and the throne for him . . .
for me oblivion, the tears
of a desperate love!)

PRISONERS

Glory to clement Egypt,
that has loosened our chains,
that restores us to the open
furrows of our native soil!

RADAMES

(The thunderbolt of a hostile god
descends on my head.
Ah, no! The throne of Egypt
is not worth the heart of Aida.)

AMNERIS

(I am intoxicated
by this unlooked-for exultation.
In one day all of the dreams
of my heart have been realized.)

AMONASRO *(to Aida)*

Take heart: Await
the happy events of your country;
the dawn of vengeance
is already near for us.

THE PEOPLE

Glory to Egypt, to Isis
who defends our sacred land!
Entwine the lotus with the laurel
on the victor's brow!

ATTO III

Le rive del Nilo. Roccie di granito fra cui crescono dei palmizii. Sul vertice delle roccie il tempio d' Iside per metà nascosto tra le fronde. È notte stellata. Splendore di luna.

CORO *(nel tempio)*

O tu, che sei d'Osiride
madre immortale e sposa,
Diva che i casti palpiti
desti agli umani in cor,
soccorri a noi pietosa,
madre d' immenso amor!

(Da una barca che approda alla riva discendono Ramfis, Amneris, ed alcune donne coperte da fitto velo, e Guardie.)

RAMFIS *(ad Amneris)*

Vieni d' Iside al tempio!
Alla vigilia delle tue nozze
invoca della Diva il favore.
Iside legge de' mortali nel core.
Ogni mistero degli umani
a lei noto.

AMNERIS

Sì: io pregherò che Radamès
mi doni tutto il suo cor,
come il mio cor
a lui sacro è per sempre . . .

RAMFIS

Andiamo. Pregherai fino all'alba.
Io sarò teco.

(Tutti entrano nel tempio. Il Coro ripete il canto sacro. Entra Aida cautamente, coperta da un velo.)

AIDA

Qui Radamès verrà . . . che vorrà
dirmi?
Io tremo . . . Ah, se tu vieni
a recarmi, o crudel, l' ultimo addio,
del Nilo i cupi vortici
mi daran tomba . . . e pace forse . . .
e oblio.

ACT III

The banks of the Nile. Granite rocks among which palms are growing. On the summit of the rocks the temple of Isis half hidden among the fronds. It is a starry night. The moon shines.

CHORUS *(in the temple)*

Oh you, who are of Osiris
immortal mother and wife,
Goddess who awakens the chaste pulses
in human hearts,
help us, merciful one,
mother of immense love!

(Ramfis, Amneris and several women covered with thick veils, and guards, alight from a boat which comes to the bank.)

RAMFIS *(to Amneris)*

Come to the temple of Isis!
On the evening of your marriage
invoke the favor of the goddess.
Isis reads the hearts of mortals.
All human mysteries
are known to her.

AMNERIS

Yes: I shall pray that Radames
may give me his whole heart,
just as my heart
is sacred to him forever . . .

RAMFIS

Let us go. You will pray until dawn.
I shall be with you.

(All enter the temple. The chorus repeats the sacred song. Aida enters cautiously, covered with a veil.)

AIDA

Radames will come here . . . what does he
want to tell me?
I tremble . . . Ah, if you are coming
to bring me, cruel man, your final farewell,
the Nile's dark whirlpools
will furnish me a tomb . . . and peace perhaps . . .
and oblivion.

Oh, patria mia, mai più ti rivedrò!

O cieli azzurri,
o dolci aure native,
dove sereno il mio mattin brillò ...
O verdi colli,
o profumate rive,
o patria mia, mai più ti rivedrò!
O fresche valli,
o queto asil beato,
che un dì promesso dall'amor mi fu ...
Or che d' amore
il sogno è dileguato ...
o patria mia, non ti vedrò mai più.

(Entra Amonasro.)

AIDA

(volgendosi vede il padre)

Ciel! Mio padre!

AMONASRO

A te grave cagion m'adduce, Aida;
Nulla sfugge al mio sguardo.
D'amor ti struggi per Radamès ...
ei t'ama ... qui lo attendi.
Dei Faraoni la figlia è tua rivale ...
razza infame, aborrita
e a noi fatale!

AIDA

E in suo potere io sto.
Io, d'Amonasro figlia! ...

AMONASRO

In poter di lei! ... No! Se lo brami,
la possente rival tu vincerai,
e patria, e trono, e amor ...
tutto tu avrai.
Rivedrai le foreste imbalsamate,
le fresche valli, i nostri templi d'ôr!

AIDA *(con trasporto)*

Rivedrò le foreste imbalsamate,
le nostre valli, i nostri templi d'ôr!

AMONASRO

Sposa felice a lui che amasti tanto,
tripudii immensi ivi potrai gioir ...

Oh my country, never shall I see you again!

Oh azure skies,
Oh sweet native breezes,
where my morning shone serenely . . .
Oh green hills,
Oh perfumed banks,
Oh my country, never shall I see you again!
Oh cool valleys,
Oh calm, blessed shelter
that one day was promised me by love . . .
Now that the dream
of love has disappeared . . .
oh my country, never shall I see you again!

(Amonasro enters)

AIDA

(turning, sees her father)

Heaven! My father!

AMONASRO

A serious reason brings me to you, Aida;
Nothing escapes my glance.
You are consumed by love for Radames . . .
he loves you . . . you are awaiting him here.
The daughter of the Pharaohs is your rival . . .
infamous, abhored race
and fatal to us!

AIDA

And I am in her power!
I, daughter of Amonasro! . . .

AMONASRO

In her power! . . . No. If you wish it,
you will conquer your powerful rival,
and country, throne, and love . . .
you will have everything,
You will see again the scented forests,
the cool valleys, our golden temples!

AIDA *(eagerly)*

I shall see again the scented forests,
our valleys, our golden temples!

AMONASRO

Happy wife of him that you loved so much,
immense exultation there you will be able to enjoy . . .

AIDA

Un giorno solo di sì dolce incanto . . .
un'ora di tal gioia e poi morir!

AMONASRO

Pur rammenti che a noi l'Egizio immite
le case, i tempii e l'are profanò . . .
trasse in ceppi le vergini rapite . . .
madri, vecchi, fanciulli ei trucidò.

AIDA

Ah, ben rammento quegli infausti giorni!
Rammento i lutti che il mio cor soffrì!
Deh! . . . fate, o Numi, che per noi ritorni
l'alba invocata de' sereni dì!

AMONASRO

Non fia che tardi.
In armi ora si desta il popol nostro;
tutto è pronto già . . . Vittoria avrem.
Solo saper mi resta
qual sentier il nemico seguirà.

AIDA

Chi scoprirlo potria? Chi mai?

AMONASRO

Tu stessa!

AIDA

Io?

AMONASRO

Radamès so che qui attendi . . .
Ei t'ama . . . ei conduce gli Egizii . . .
Intendi?

AIDA

Orrore! Che mi consigli tu?
No! No! Giammai!

AMONASRO

(con impeto selvaggio)

Su dunque! Sorgete, Egizie coorti!
Col fuoco struggete le nostre città!
Spargete il terrore,
le stragi, le morti!
Al vostro furore più freno non v'ha.

AIDA

Only one day of such sweet enchantment . . .
one hour of such joy, and then die!

AMONASRO

Yet remember that the merciless Egyptian
profaned our houses, temples, and altars . . .
dragged our virgins off in chains . . .
he massacred mothers, old men, children.

AIDA

Ah, well do I remember those unlucky days!
I remember the bereavement that my heart suffered.
Ah! . . . gods, cause the longed-for dawn
of serene days to return for us!

AMONASRO

Don't let it come too late.
Our people are now rising in arms;
All is ready now . . . we will have victory.
It only remains for me to know
what path the enemy will follow.

AIDA

Who could discover it? Who?

AMONASRO

You yourself!

AIDA

I?

AMONASRO

I know that you are waiting for Radames here . . .
He loves you . . . he is leading the Egyptians . . .
Do you understand?

AIDA

Horror! What are you advising me?
No! No! Never!

AMONASRO

(with savage violence)

Up then! Rise, Egyptian cohorts!
Consume our cities with fire!
Spread terror,
massacre, death!
There is no more check to your fury.

AIDA

Ah! Padre! Padre!

AMONASRO

(respingendola)

Mia figlia ti chiami! . . .

AIDA

(atterrita, supplichevole)

Pietà! Pietà! Pietà!

AMONASRO

Flutti di sangue scorrono
sulle città dei vinti . . .
Vedi? Dai negri vortici
si levano gli estinti . . .
Ti additan essi e gridano:
Per te la patria muor!

AIDA

Pietà, pietà,! Padre, pietà!

AMONASRO

Una larva orribile
fra l'ombre a noi s'affaccia . . .
Trema! le scarne braccia
sul capo tuo levò . . .
Tua madre ell'è . . . ravvisala . . .
ti maledice . . .

AIDA

(nel massimo terrore)

Ah no! Padre, pietà! Pietà. Pietà!

AMONASRO

(respingendola)

Non sei mia figlia . . .
Dei Faraoni tu sei la schiava!

AIDA

Ah! Pietà! Pietà!
Padre! . . . a costoro . . .
schiava . . . non sono . . .
non maledirmi . . . non imprecarmi . . .
ancor tua figlia potrai chiamarmi . . .
della mia patria degna sarò.

AIDA

Ah! Father! Father!

AMONASRO

(rejecting her)

You call yourself my daughter! . . .

AIDA

(terrified, imploring)

Pity! Pity! Pity!

AMONASRO

Waves of blood pass over
the cities of the conquered . . .
Do you see? From the black whirlpools
the dead are rising . . .
They point you out and shout:
Because of you our country dies!

AIDA

Pity! Pity! Father, pity!

AMONASRO

A horrible phantom
appears to us among the shadows . . .
Tremble! it raises its emaciated arms
over your head . . .
It is your mother . . . recognize her . . .
she curses you . . .

AIDA

(at the height of terror)

Ah no! Father, pity! Pity! Pity!

AMONASRO

(repelling her)

You are not my daughter . . .
You are the slave of the Pharaohs!

AIDA

Ah! Pity! Pity!
Father . . . I am not . . .
a slave . . . of theirs . . .
do not curse me . . . do not invoke evil against me . . .
you can still call me your daughter . . .
I shall be worthy of my country.

AMONASRO

Pensa che un popolo vinto, straziato,
per te soltanto risorger può . . .

AIDA

Oh patria! Oh patria! Quanto mi
costi!

AMONASRO

Corraggio! Ei giunge . . . là tutto
udrò . . .

(si nasconde fra i palmizii.
Entra Radamès.)

RADAMÈS

Pur ti riveggo, mia dolce Aida . . .

AIDA

T' arresta, vanne . . . che speri ancor?

RADAMÈS

A te dappresso l'amor mi guida.

AIDA

Te i riti attendono d' un altro amor.
D' Amneris sposo . . .

RADAMÈS

Che parli mai?
Te sola, Aida, te deggio amar . . .
Gli Dei m'ascoltano, tu mia sarai . . .

AIDA

D'uno spergiuro non ti macchiar!
Prode t'amai, non t'amerei spergiuro.

RADAMÈS

Dell'amor mio dubiti, Aida?

AIDA

E come speri sottrarti
d' Amneris ai vezzi, del Re al voler,
del tuo popolo ai voti,
dei Sacerdoti all'ira?

AMONASRO

Think that a people conquered, tormented,
only through you can rise again . . .

AIDA

My country! My country!
How much you cost me!

AMONASRO

Courage! He is coming . . . I shall hear everything
there . . .

(he hides among the palms.
Enter Radames)

RADAMES

And so I see you again, my sweet Aida . . .

AIDA

Stop, go from here . . . what can you still hope for?

RADAMES

Love guides me near you.

AIDA

The rites of another love await you.
The husband of Amneris . . .

RADAMES

What are you saying?
You alone, Aida, you I must love . . .
The gods hear me, you will be mine . . .

AIDA

Do not stain yourself with perjury!
I love you as a brave man, I would not love you
as a perjurer.

RADAMES

Do you doubt my love, Aida?

AIDA

And how can you hope to avoid
The caresses of Amneris, the will of the King,
the wishes of the people,
the anger of the priests?

RADAMÈS

Odimi, Aida!
Nel fiero anelito di nuova guerra
il suolo Etiope si ridestò . . .
I tuoi già invadono la nostra terra,
io degli Egizii duce sarò.
Fra il suon, fra i plausi
della vittoria,
al Re mi prostro, gli svelo il cor:
Sarai tu il serto della mia gloria,
vivrem beati d'eterno amor.

AIDA

Nè d'Amneris paventi
il vindice furor?
La sua vendetta, come folgor tremenda,
cadrà su me, sul padre mio,
su tutti.

RADAMÈS

Io vi difendo.

AIDA

Invan! Tu nol potresti . . .
Pur . . . se tu m'ami . . .
ancor s'apre una via
di scampo a noi . . .

RADAMÈS

Quale?

AIDA

Fuggir . . .

RADAMÈS

Fuggire!

AIDA

Fuggiam gli ardori inospiti
di queste lande ignude!
Una novella patria
al nostro amor si schiude . . .
Là . . . tra foreste vergini,
di fiori profumate,
in estasi beate
la terra scorderem,

RADAMES

Hear me, Aida!
In proud exultation
the Ethiopian land roused itself again ...
Already your people have invaded our land,
I shall be the leader of the Egyptians.
Amid the sound, amid the plaudits
of victory,
I prostrate myself, I reveal my heart to him:
You will be the crown of my glory
blessed we will live in eternal love.

AIDA

Do you not fear
the avenging fury of Amneris for this?
Her vengeance, like a tremendous thunderbolt,
will fall on me, on my father
on everyone.

RADAMES

I will defend you.

AIDA

In vain! You could not do it ...
yet ... if you love me ...
another way of escape
is still open to us ...

RADAMES

What?

AIDA

To flee ...

RADAMES

To flee!

AIDA

Let us flee the unwelcome heat
of these barren lands!
A new country
opens to our love ...
There, among virgin forests
with perfumed flowers,
in blessed ecstasy
we shall forget the earth.

RADAMÈS

Sovra una terra estrania
teco fuggir dovrei!
Abbandonar la patria,
l'are de' nostri Dei!
Il suol dov'io raccolsi
di gloria i primi allori,
il ciel de' nostri amori,
come scordar potrem?

AIDA

Sotto il mio ciel più libero
l'amor ne fia concesso;
ivi nel tempio istesso
gli stessi Numi avrem.
Fuggiam . . . fuggiam!

RADAMÈS *(esitante)*

Aida!

AIDA

Tu non m' ami . . . Va!

RADAMÈS

Non t'amo?
Mortal giammai nè Dio
arse d'amor al par del mio possente!

AIDA

Va . . . va . . . t'attende all' ara
Amneris . . .

RADAMÈS

No! . . . giammai!

AIDA

Giammai, dicesti?
Allor piombi la scure
su me, sul padre mio . . .

RADAMÈS

Ah no! Fuggiamo!

(con appassionata risoluzione)

Si, fuggiam da queste mura,
al deserto insiem fuggiamo;
qui sol regna la sventura,
là si schiude un ciel d'amor.

RADAMES

I should flee with you
toward a foreign land!
Abandon my country,
the altars of our gods!
How will we be able to forget
the land where I received
the first laurels of glory,
the sky of our loves?

AIDA

Beneath my freer sky
love will be granted us;
there in the same temple
we will have the same gods.
Let us flee . . . let us flee!

RADAMES *(hesitant)*

Aida!

AIDA

You do not love me . . . Go!

RADAMES

I do not love you?
Never did mortal or god
burn with a love equal to my powerful love!

AIDA

Go . . . go . . . Amneris is waiting for you at
the altar . . .

RADAMES

No! . . . never!

AIDA

Never, you said?
Then let the axe fall
on me, on my father . . .

RADAMES

Ah no! Let us flee!

(with passionate resolution)

Yes, let us flee from these walls,
let us flee together to the desert;
here only misfortune reigns,
there a heaven of love.

I deserti interminati
a noi talamo saranno ...
Su noi gli astri brilleranno
di più limpido fulgor.

AIDA

Nella terra avventurata
de' miei padri il ciel ne attende.
Ivi l'aura è imbalsamata,
ivi il suolo è aromi e fior.
Fresche valli e verdi prati
a noi talamo saranno,
su noi gli astri brilleranno
di più limpido fulgor.

AIDA E RADAMÈS

Vieni meco, insiem fuggiamo
questa terra di dolor ...
Vieni meco ... t'amo, t'amo!
A noi duce fia l'amor!

(s'allontano rapidamente)

AIDA

(arrestandosi ad un tratto)

Ma, dimmi: per qual via
eviterem le schiere degli armati?

RADAMÈS

Il sentier scelto dai nostri
a piombar sul nemico
fia deserto fino a domani ...

AIDA

E quel sentier?

RADAMÈS

Le gole di Nàpata ...

AMONASRO

Di Nàpata le gole!
Ivi saranno i miei ...

RADAMÈS

Oh! Chi ci ascolta?

AMONASRO

D' Aida il padre
e degli Etiopi il Re.

The limitless desert
will be our bridal bed . . .
The stars will shine on us
with a more limpid splendor.

AIDA

In the fortunate land
of my fathers heaven awaits us.
There the air is scented,
there the ground is perfumes and flowers.
Cool valleys and green meadows
will be our bridal bed,
the stars will shine on us.
with a more limpid splendor.

AIDA AND RADAMES

Come with me; together let us flee
this land of sorrow . . .
Come with me . . . I love you, I love you!
Let love be our leader!

(they quickly go off)

AIDA

(stopping suddenly)

But tell me: by what road
will we evade the band of troops?

RADAMES

The path chosen by our men
to fall on the enemy
will be deserted until tomorrow . . .

AIDA

And that path?

RADAMES

The gorges of Napata . . .

AMONASRO

The gorges of Napata!
My men will be there . . .

RADAMES

Oh! Who is listening to us?

AMONASRO

The father of Aida
and the King of the Ethiopians.

RADAMÈS

(nella massima agitazione e sorpresa)

Tu! Amonasro! Tu . . . il Re?
Numi! Che dissi?
No, non è ver, no, no!
Sogno, delirio è questo . . .

AIDA

Ah, no! Ti calma, ascoltami . . .
All'amor mio t'affida.

AMONASRO

A te l'amor d'Aida
un soglio innalzerà.

RADAMÈS

Io son disonorato!
Per te tradii la patria!

AMONASRO

No, tu non sei colpevole,
era voler del fato.
Vien! Oltre il Nil ne attendono
i prodi a noi devoti.
Là del tuo core i voti
coronerà l'amor. Vieni!

(Escono dal tempio Amneris, indi Ramfis, Sacerdoti, Guardie, ecc.)

AMNERIS

Traditor!

AIDA

La mia rival! . . .

AMONASRO

(avventandosi ad Amneris con un pugnale)

L' opra mia a strugger vieni!
Muori!

RADAMÈS *(frapponendosi)*

Arresta, insano!

AMONASRO

Oh, rabbia!

RAMFIS

Guardie, olà!

RADAMES

(in the greatest agitation and surprise)

You! Amonasro! You . . . the King?
Gods! What did I say?
No, it is not true, no, no!
This is a dream, delirium . . .

AIDA

Ah, no! calm yourself, listen to me . . .
Trust in my love.

AMONASRO

The love of Aida
will raise you to a throne!

RADAMES

I am dishonored!
I betrayed my country for you!

AMONASRO

No, you are not guilty,
it was the will of fate.
Come! Beyond the Nile there await
brave men devoted to us.
There love will crown
the wishes of your heart. Come!

(Amneris, then Ramfis, Priests, Guards, etc., come from the temple.)

AMNERIS

Traitor!

AIDA

My rival!. . .

AMONASRO

(hurling himself at Amneris with a dagger)

You come to destroy my work!
Die!

RADAMES *(interposing himself)*

Stop, madman!

AMONASRO

Oh, rage!

RAMFIS

Ho there, guards!

RADAMÈS

(ad Aida e Amonasro)

Presto! Fuggite!

AMONASRO *(trascinando Aida)*

Vieni, oh figlia!

RAMFIS *(alle Guardie)*

L' inseguite!

RADAMÈS *(a Ramfis)*

Sacerdote, io resto a te.

ATTO IV

Scena I

Sala nel palazzo del Re. Alla sinistra una grande porta che mette alla sala sotterranea delle sentenze. Andito a destra che conduce alla prigione di Radamès. Amneris mestamente atteggiata davanti la porta del sotterraneo.

AMNERIS

L' abborrita rivale a me sfuggia . . .
Dai sacerdoti Radamès attende
del traditor la pena . . .
Traditor egli non è . . .
Pur rivelò di guerra l' alto segreto . . .
Egli fuggir volea . . . con lei fuggire!
Traditori tutti! A morte! A morte!
Oh, che mai parlo?
Io l'amo, io l'amo sempre . . .
Disperato, insano è quest'amor
che la mia vita strugge.
Oh . . . s'ei potesse amarmi!
Vorrei salvarlo . . . e come?
Si tenti!
Guardie: Radamès qui venga.

(Radamès appare, condotto dalle guardie.)

RADAMES

(to Aida and Amonasro)

Quick! Flee!

AMONASRO *(dragging off Aida)*

Come, daughter!

RAMFIS *(to the guards)*

Follow them!

RADAMES *(to Ramfis)*

Priest, I remain with you.

ACT IV

Scene I

Hall in the palace of the King. To the left a large door that leads to the subterranean judgement hall. To the right a landing leading to Radames' cell. Amneris stands sadly before the door of the subterranean hall.

AMNERIS

The abhored rival has fled from me . . .
Radames is awaiting a traitor's
punishment from the priests . . .
He is not a traitor . . .
Yet he revealed the war's important secret . . .
He wanted to flee, to flee with her!
Both are traitors! To death! To death!
Oh, what am I saying?
I love him, I love him always . . .
this love that consumes my life
is desperate, insane.
Oh . . . if he were able to love me!
I would like to save him . . . and how?
Let me try!
Guards: let Radames come here.

(Radames appears, led by the guards)

AMNERIS

Già i Sacerdoti adunansi,
arbitri del tuo fato;
pur dell'accusa orribile
scolparti ancor ti è dato:
Ti scolpa, e la tua grazia
io pregherò dal trono,
e nunzia di perdono,
di vita a te sarò.

RADAMÈS

Di mie discolpe i giudici
mai non udran l' accento;
dinanzi ai Numi, agli uomini
nè vil, nè reo mi sento.
Profferse il labbro incauto
fatal segreto, è vero;
ma puro il mio pensiero
e l'onor mio restò.

AMNERIS

Salvati dunque e scolpati!

RADAMÈS

No.

AMNERIS

Tu morrai . . .

RADAMÈS

La vita abborro. D'ogni' gaudio
la fonte inaridita
svanita ogni speranza,
sol bramo di morir.

AMNERIS

Morire! . . . Ah, tu dêi vivere,
Sì, all'amor mio vivrai;
per te le angoscie orribili
di morte io già provai.
T'amai, soffersi tanto . . .
Vegliai le notti in pianto . . .
e patria, e trono, e vita . . .
tutto darei per te.

RADAMÈS

Per essa anch'io la patria
e l'onor mio tradia . . .

AMNERIS

The priests are already gathering,
arbiters of your fate;
yet it is still given you
to vindicate yourself from the accusation:
Vindicate yourself, and I shall beg for
your pardon from the throne,
and I shall be the messenger
of pardon and of life for you.

RADAMES

The judges will never hear
a word of my vindication;
before the gods, before men
I feel myself neither cowardly nor guilty.
My incautious lips proffered
the fatal secret, it is true;
but my thought and honor
remained pure.

AMNERIS

Then save yourself and vindicate yourself!

RADAMES

No.

AMNERIS

You will die . . .

RADAMES

I abhor life. The fountain
of every joy dried up,
every hope came to nothing,
I only desire to die.

AMNERIS

To die! . . . Ah, you must live,
Yes, you will live for my love;
I have already felt
the horrible anguish of death for you.
I loved you, I suffered so much . . .
I watched through the night weeping . . .
and country, throne and life . . .
I would give everything for you.

RADAMES

I too betrayed the country
and my honor for her . . .

AMNERIS

Di lei non più!

RADAMÈS

L' infamia m' attende
e vuoi ch'io viva?
Misero appien mi festi,
Aida a me togliesti,
spenta l'hai forse . . .
e in dono offri la vita a me?

AMNERIS

Io . . . di sua morte origine?
No! . . . Vive Aida . . .

RADAMÈS

Vive!

AMNERIS

Nei disperati aneliti
dell'orde fuggitive
sol cadde il padre . . .

RADAMÈS

. . . ed ella?

AMNERIS

Sparve, nè più novella s'ebbe . . .

RADAMÈS

Gli Dei l'adducano
salva alle patrie mura,
e ignori la sventura
di chi per lei morrà!

AMNERIS

Ma, s'io ti salvo, giurami
che più non la vedrai . . .

RADAMÈS

Nol posso! . . .

AMNERIS

A lei rinunzia per sempre
e tu vivrai! . . .

RADAMÈS

Nol posso!

AMNERIS

No more of her!

RADAMES

Infamy awaits me
and you wish me to live?
You made me totally unhappy,
you took Aida from me,
perhaps had her killed . . .
and you offer me life as a gift?

AMNERIS

I . . . the cause of her death?
No! . . . Aida lives . . .

RADAMES

Lives!

AMNERIS

In the desperate last gasps
of the fleeing hordes
only her father fell . . .

RADAMES

. . . and she?

AMNERIS

She disappeared, and there were no news of her . . .

RADAMES

May the gods bring her
safe to her country's walls,
and may she not know the misfortune
of the one who died for her!

AMNERIS

But, if I save you, swear to me
that you will never see her again . . .

RADAMES

I cannot! . . .

AMNERIS

Renounce her forever
and you will live! . . .

RADAMES

I cannot!

AMNERIS

Anco una volta: a lei rinunzia!

RADAMÈS

È vano . . .

AMNERIS

Morir vuoi dunque, insano?

RADAMÈS

Pronto a morir son già.

AMNERIS

Chi ti salva, sciagurato,
dalla sorte che t'aspetta?
In furore hai tu cangiato
un amor che ugual non ha.
De' miei pianti la vendetta
or dal ciel si compirà.

RADAMÈS

È la morte un ben supremo
se per lei morir m'è dato.
Nel subir l'estremo fato
gaudii immensi il cor avrà.
L'ira umana più non temo,
temo sol la tua pietà.

(Radamès parte circondato dalle guardie. Amneris cade desolata su un sedile.)

AMNERIS

Ohimè! . . . morir mi sento . . .
Oh, chi lo salva?
E in poter di costoro
io stessa lo gettai!
Ora a te impreco, atroce gelosia,
che la sua morte
e il lutto eterno
del mio cor segnasti!

(I Saccerdoti attraversano la scena ed entrano nel sotterraneo. Amneris li vede.)

Ecco i fatali, gl'inesorati
ministri di morte . . .
Oh! . . . ch'io non vegga
quelle bianche larve!

(si copre il volto colle mani)

AMNERIS

One more time: renounce her!

RADAMES

It is useless . . .

AMNERIS

Then you wish to die, madman?

RADAMES

I am ready to die now.

AMNERIS

Who can save you, wretched man,
from the fate that awaits you?
You have changed into fury
a love that has no equal.
Now vengeance for my weeping
will be accomplished by heaven.

RADAMES

Death is the highest good
if it is given me to die for her.
In suffering the extreme penalty
my heart will have immense joys.
I no longer fear human anger,
I only fear your pity.

(Radames leaves surrounded by the guards, Amneris falls desolate on a bench.)

AMNERIS

Alas! . . . I feel I am dying . . .
Oh, who can save him?
And I myself threw him
into the power of those creatures!
Now do I curse you, atrocious jealousy,
since you marked his death
and the eternal suffering
of my heart!

(The priests cross the scene and enter the subterranean hall. Amneris sees them.)

Here are the deadly, the inexorable
ministers of death . . .
Oh! . . . let me not see
those white ghosts!

(covers her face with her hands)

E in poter di costoro
io stessa lo gettai!

SACERDOTI

(nel sotterraneo)

Spirto del Nume, sovra noi discendi!
Ne avviva al raggio dell' eterna luce:
pel labbro nostro tua giustizia apprendi!

AMNERIS

Numi pietà del mio straziato core . . .
Egli è innocente, lo salvate, o Numi!
Disperato, tremendo è il mio dolore!

(Radamès fra le guardie attraversa la scena ed entra nel sotterraneo. Amneris al vederlo emette un grido.)

RAMFIS

(nel sotteraneo)

Radamès! Radamès! Radamès!
Tu rivelasti della patria
i segreti allo straniero . . .
Discolpati!

SACERDOTI

Discolpati.

RAMFIS

Egli tace . . .

TUTTI

Traditor!

RAMFIS

Radamès! Radamès! Radamès!
Tu disertasti dal campo
il dì che precedea la pugna.
Discolpati!

SACERDOTI

Discolpati!

RAMFIS

Egli tace . . .

TUTTI

Traditor!

And I myself threw him
into the power of those creatures!

PRIESTS

(in the subterranean hall)

Spirit of the god, descend upon us!
Let us be enlivened by the ray of eternal light;
let your justice be learned through our lips!

AMNERIS

Gods, pity for my broken heart . . .
He is innocent, save him, oh gods!
My sorrow is desperate, tremendous!

(Radames, between guards, crosses the stage and enters the subterranean hall. Amneris, on seeing him, emits a scream.)

RAMFIS

(in the subterranean hall)

Radames! Radames! Radames!
You revealed your country's
secrets to the foreigner . . .
Vindicate yourself!

PRIESTS

Vindicate yourself!

RAMFIS

He is silent . . .

ALL

Traitor!

RAMFIS

Radames! Radames! Radames!
You deserted the battlefield
the day before the fight.
Vindicate yourself!

PRIESTS

Vindicate yourself!

RAMFIS

He is silent . . .

ALL

Traitor!

RAMFIS

Radamès! Radamès! Radamès!
Tua fè violasti,
alla patria spergiuro, al Re, all'onor . . .
Discolpati!

SACERDOTI

Discolpati!

RAMFIS

Egli tace . . .

TUTTI

Traditor!
Radamès, è deciso il tuo fato:
Degli infami la morte tu avrai.
Sotto l'ara del Nume sdegnato
a te vivo fia schiuso l'avel!

AMNERIS

A lui vivo la tomba! . . . Oh, gl'infami!
Nè di sangue son paghi giammai . . .
e si chiaman ministri del ciel!

(investendo i Sacerdoti che escono dal sotterraneo)

Sacerdoti, compiste un delitto!
Tigri infami di sangue assetate . . .
voi la terra ed i Numi oltraggiate,
voi punite chi colpa non ha.

SACERDOTI

È traditor. Morrà.

AMNERIS *(a Ramfis)*

Sacerdote, quest'uomo che uccidi,
to lo sai, da me un giorno fu amato.
L'anatéma d'un core straziato
col suo sangue su te ricadrà.

SACERDOTI

È traditor. Morrà.

(si allontanano lentamente)

RAMFIS

Radames! Radames! Radames!
You violated your faith,
perjurer to your country, King, and home . . .
Vindicate yourself!

PRIESTS

Vindicate yourself!

RAMFIS

He is silent . . .

ALL

Traitor!
Radames, your fate is decided:
You will suffer the death of the infamous.
Under the altar of the wrathful god
let the tomb open for you while alive.

AMNERIS

For him alive, the tomb. . . . Oh, the infamous creatures!
They are never satisfied with blood . . .
and they call themselves ministers of heaven!

(assaulting the priests who came out of the subterranean hall)

Priests, you committed a crime!
Infamous tigers thirsty for blood . . .
you outrage the earth and the gods,
you punish one who has no fault.

PRIESTS

He is a traitor. He will die.

AMNERIS *(to Ramfis)*

Priest, this man that you are killing
was once loved by me as you know.
The curse of a broken heart
will hang over you with his blood.

PRIESTS

He is a traitor. He will die.

(they go off slowly)

AMNERIS

Empia razza! Anatéma su voi!
La vendetta del ciel scenderà.
Anatéma su voi!

(esce disperata)

Scena II

La scena è divisa in due piani. Il piano superiore rappresenta l'interno del Tempio di Vulcano splendente d'oro e di luce; il piano inferiore, un sotterraneo. Lunghe file d'arcate si perdono nell'oscurità. Statue colossali d'Osiride colle mani incrociate sostengono i pilastri della vôlta.

Radamès è nel sotteraneo sui gradini della scala per cui è disceso. Al disopra, due sacerdoti intenti a chiudere la pietra del sotterraneo.

RADAMÈS

La fatal pietra sovra me si chiuse ...
Ecco la tomba mia. Del dì la luce
più non vedrò. Non rivedrò più Aida ...
Aida, ove sei tu?
Possa tu almeno viver felice
e la mia sorte orrenda sempre ignorar!
Qual gemito! Una larva ...
una vision ...
No, forma umana è questa ...
Ciel! ... Aida.

AIDA

Son io ...

RADAMÈS

Tu ... in questa tomba!

AIDA

Presago il core della tua condanna,
in questa tomba che per te s'apriva
io penetrai furtiva ...
e qui lontana da ogni umano sguardo
nelle tu braccia desiai morire.

AMNERIS

Wretched race! A curse on you!
The vengeance of heaven will descend.
A curse on you!

(desperate, she leaves)

Scene II

The stage is divided into two levels. The upper level represents the interior of the temple of Vulcan, resplendent in gold and light; the lower level, a subterranean tomb. Long rows of arches disappear into the obscurity. Colossal statues of Osiris with crossed hands support the pillars of the roof.

Radames is in the subterranean tomb on the steps of the staircase that he has descended. Above, two priests intent on closing the stone of the subterranean tomb.

RADAMES

The fatal stone closed over me . . .
Here is my tomb. Never again shall I see
the light of day. Never again shall I see Aida.
Aida, where are you?
May you at least live happily
and be ignorant always of my horrible fate!
What was that moan! A ghost . . .
a vision . . .
No, it is a human form . . .
Heaven! . . . Aida!

AIDA

It is I . . .

RADAMES

You . . . in this tomb!

AIDA

My heart a foreteller of your sentence,
I furtively entered into
this tomb that opened for you . . .
and here, far from every human glance,
I desired to die in your arms.

RADAMÈS

Morir! . . . si pura e bella!
Morir! . . . per me d'amore . . .
Degli anni tuoi nel fiore
fuggir la vita!
T'avea il cielo per l'amor creata,
ed io t'uccido per averti amata!
No, non morrai!
Troppo t'amai! Troppo sei bella!

AIDA

(vaneggiando)

Vedi? Di morte l'angelo
radiante a noi s'appressa . . .
ne adduce a eterni gaudii
sovra i suoi vanni d'or.
Già veggo il ciel dischiudersi,
ivi ogni affanno cessa . . .
ivi comincia l' estasi
d'un immortale amor.

(Canti e danze delle Sacerdotesse nel Tempio.)

AIDA

Triste canto!

RADAMÈS

Il tripudio dei sacerdoti . . .

AIDA

Il nostro inno di morte . . .

RADAMÈS

(cercando di smuovere la pietra del sotterraneo)

Nè le mie forti braccia
smuovere ti potranno,
o fatal pietra!

AIDA

Invan! . . . Tutto è finito
sulla terra per noi.

RADAMES

To die! . . . so pure and beautiful!
To die! . . . for love of me . . .
In the flower of your years
to flee from life!
Heaven had created you for love,
and I am killing you for having loved you!
No, you will not die!
I loved you too much! You are too beautiful!

AIDA

(indulging in empty dreams)

Do you see? The radiant angel
of death approaches us . . .
She bears us to eternal joys
on her golden wings.
I already see heaven opening,
there all pain ceases . . .
there begins the ecstasy
of immortal love.

(Songs and dances of the priestesses in the temple.)

AIDA

Sad song!

RADAMES

The exultation of the priests . . .

AIDA

Our hymn of death . . .

RADAMES

(trying to move the stone of the subterranean tomb)

Not even my strong arms
are able to move you,
oh fatal stone!

AIDA

In vain! . . . All is finished
on the earth for us.

RADAMÈS

(con desolata rassegnazione)

È vero! . . . È vero! . . .

(si avvicina ad Aida e la sorrege)

AIDA E. RADAMÈS

O terra, addio, addio, valle di pianti!
Sogno di gaudio che in dolor svanì!
A noi si schiude il ciel,
e l'alme erranti
volano al raggio dell'eterno dì.

(Aida cade dolcemente fra le braccia di Radamès.)

(Amneris in abito di lutto apparisce nel Tempio e va a prostrarsi sulla pietra che chiude il sotterraneo.)

AMNERIS

Pace t'imploro, salma adorata,
Isi placata ti schiuda il ciel!

FINE

RADAMES

(with desolate resignation)

It is true! . . . It is true! . . .

(comes near to Aida and supports her)

AIDA AND RADAMES

O earth, farewell; farewell, valley of tears!
Dreams of joy that vanished in sorrow!
Heaven is opening for us,
and our wandering souls
fly toward the gleam of the eternal day.

(Aida falls gently into the arms of Radames.)

(Amneris in mourning dress appears in the temple and prostrates herself on the stone of the subterranean tomb.)

AMNERIS

For you, adored corpse, I implore peace,
May Isis, placated, open heaven to you!

THE END

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